

pillow princess by tangerinesilly

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Summary:

Steve just doesn't get it. How come he always ends up in this threesome mommy + daddy + baby relationships? Once is a coincidence, twice is a pattern.

pillow princess

Author's Note:

HIlllil

Just realized i love writing girls. I love Carol!!??
maybe it's time to brave a wlv fic.

Also !

Feeling super poly and for what? SO there is this diet
threesome. let's call it a test run then.

“So there this.. *girl*. ”

Steve laid on a billion fuzzy pink pillows squeezed under Carol's tit, staring at the tip of the beer bottle on his chest, trying to say things and not commit to them. This was a craft he is yet to master. Why was lying to his parents so easy? But whenever it was anyone else he just got brain freeze. Especially this two.

Steve looked to his left where Carol was popping neon green gum and flipping through a new Seventeen, half-listening to him ramble. Then to his left, where Tommy set at the end of the bed playing with the fringe of the duvet, waiting for him to go on. Guess they just knew him.

Steve thought back to everything that took place between him and Billy. Which was not that much, yet somehow fundamentally shifted the nature of his cravings.

“We hooked up a few times,” he decided. He never thought that he would speak about the events in any way, so the words didn't come at all. “It was fun,” Steve pursed his lips, trying to squeeze something more truthful, “like *really* fun.” He felt a goofy smile growing on his face.

“That's good,” Tommy smirked up at him, “a hard reset,” he winked.

Steve nodded while Carol rolled her eyes. “You need simple right now,” she added in a warning. “I can't deal with another-” she huffed, looking down at Steve then at Tommy. “Whatever,” she got

back to skimming the pages.

She chose her words carefully today. Because all of them just made up. Three of them together felt safe, and despite what Carol made everyone else think she loved safe and stable. That's why she chose Tommy.

They sort of mellowed out, now that Steve looks at them. Tommy's face grew sharper he lost the baby fat. He looked handsome. And sweet. He had this happy glint in his eyes, a quite content as if he set before a fireplace. It has to do a lot with Carol finally deciding to stop the suspense of will they/won't they.

She won't run away anymore.

Carol used to go back and forth, confiding in Steve. Whenever it was quiet, in-between things, when time seemed to give them a break they used to have these talks. 'Skinners'— Carol loved them for masochistic reasons, and retrospectively, Steve did too. They'd see how raw they could scoop until the other would flinch. Go so deep it felt icky afterward, skin-crawling. They couldn't look at each other for some time afterward.

Usually, she'd sit on the counter sipping on a huge mug of coffee at 1 a.m. and ashing her cigarette into the other before bursting into a conversation, starting from the middle of her internal monologue.

"This doesn't make any sense Stevie," she'd shake her head. "I'm growing soft, all your fault. You're the bad influence," she'd point her cigarette at him. "You've got snacks by the way?"

Steve would fetch something out of the cupboard, chips mostly, stretching time before Carol got vicious. "Carol. You've got time. Both of you. He won't ever dump you for.. being you."

"Wouldn't you know about that?" she snapped. "Now tell me, Stevie, how did you end up with Miss Priss? Oh, because you actively chose to abandon every little thing that didn't fit with her worldview, if I recall correctly?"

"I love Nancy, okay? At least I made up my mind about that."

Retrospectively, Steve made a mistake.

Carol sagged against the counter. “Sorry. See? I’m a bitch. What the fuck,” she shook her head again, pressing her palms into her face.

She just couldn’t do it she’d say. She wasn’t the type. Everyone knew she’d probably end up three ways: addict, hooker, or dead. “Just how mom said —happiness is not part of the plan. Money is. Power is. Everything else belongs in a movie. So watch a movie. And move on.” She breathed that. She made herself never attach. And any commitment made her shriek back.

“Promise me you won’t judge me,” she said quietly. “If we break up for good. I’m fucked up. My family is fucked up. Hagan shouldn’t get stuck like that.”

But it all worked out in the end. Sort of.

So when Steve showed up, they hushed everything out quickly, eager to get back to how things used to be. Between them, as in Carol and Tommy – a couple; Tommy and Steve – best friends; Steve and Carol – dramatic bitches. They admitted that they went over the line, they were assholes indeed – yes, yes, *blah blah* – c’mon and hug us, we missed you.

And now he’s here. And it’s not awkward. And he feels the most normal in how many months. He sinks deeper into the pillows, taking a deep breath. Little fairy lights winking in green then blue then purple then...

He is getting a bit sleepy.

Steve thought it would be hard to keep quiet about the Upside down. After all, it was a pretty wild story. And the single most traumatic event of his life. But as soon as he started speaking, this jumped out.

“Well, I kinda can’t stop thinking about her. And.. she’s just in my head.”

“Ah, there it is.” Carol sighed. “You’re going to get hurt.”

“That’s cool man. How did you meet?” Tommy scooted closer, taking

up space on the right of Steve. "What does she look like?"

Steve bit the inside of his cheek, an anxious ball growing inside his gut. Fuck, what does Hargrove look like in girl's terms? "She's .." he shrugs, pointedly not looking at Carol. "She's blond," he shrugs again, "sporty, I guess. We met at the library." There, that sounded right. Tommy bought it.

Carol didn't react for a second.

Steve took a sip of the beer deeming it safe.

She suddenly looked up from the magazine making the beer catch in Steve's throat. "Wait," she stopped, chewing on her gum, digesting what Steve said. "That doesn't make sense," she concluded.

"What doesn't make any sense? That's all the sense there is." Why every girl he knows is a Nancy Drew fan.

"Because I know every one of your potential matches. Why won't you give me the name, Harrington, huh?"

Tommy looked between them, concerned. Why was Carol in interrogation mode all of a sudden?

Steve was growing red. Because Carol needs to stop connecting dots right now.

"Well, it's private." Tommy pried the bottle away from his death grip, taking a gulp and placing it at the bottom of the bed.

"What I'm thinking is either she doesn't exist, she is disgustingly old or..." her face froze, "or she.. isn't a she."

A pause settled. Everyone held their breath. Steve felt the dumb face he was making, eyes rolling out of the sockets.

"I'm joking! I'm joking!" Then Carol laughed. Then Tommy laughed.

"Sorry Stevie baby, you're just so tense. Isn't he Toms?"

Tommy patted him on the shoulder, squeezing at the end. "Yep, with

a stick up his..”

“You’ll get wrinkles like that,” Carol cooed. “Relax.”

Steve was slow, but he finally saw the opt-out and took it. He just smiled, feeling a small bead of sweat on his upper lip.

“Assholes.”

“Fine, keep your secret girl secret.” Tommy rumped his hair, engulfing him in a bear hug. Carol jumped in too, climbing on top of the pile.

Steve’s gut jolted with excitement, with light, with happiness.

They kissed above him, cocooning Steve from both sides. “I love you, beary boo,” Carol mocked, rubbing noses with Tommy.

“I love you too cutie patootie pie,” Tommy said wholeheartedly.

Steve was about to vomit. “We love you little munchkin tootsie cutesy.” They all made gaging noises after. But they all knew that secretly they lived for this.

He just doesn’t get it. How come he always ends up in this threesome *mommy+daddy+baby* relationships? Once is a coincidence, twice is a pattern. He is left to hope Hargrove hasn’t managed to get a girlfriend in the meantime.

“Sorry, for like, earlier. For Hargrove,” Tommy said as if reading his mind. “For ditching you.”

Steve didn’t know how much nervous sweating he could take. Just their names together in any context made him want to bolt.

“You talk?” he said breathily.

“Yeah, we’re friends. He isn’t bad, honestly. We should all hang. Hush out the bad blood you know?”

No, that was the least he wanted to do. Not where everyone could see at least.

“He won’t act up with you, promise,” Carol added, noticing the face Steve was making. “Or I’ll kick his ass.”

“Looks like someone already did. You know with the situation,” Tommy pointed to his face. Carol nodded.

“Meaning?” Steve’s brow jumped up in confusion. Could they just skip over the Hargrove talk? It upsets his stomach.

“Don’t bother Stevie. Irrelevant,” she said finitely ready to go to the next topic.

“Actually we were all supposed to go to Ashley’s for a little kickback. But he’s not answering. Haven’t seen him around either. What’s his got to do anyway?”

“I’m telling you he’s fucking somebody. He just won’t tell us. Just like you Stevie,” Carol pinched his cheek. “And something tells me that that situation involves age play,” she added cheekily, hoping to see Steve more interested. But Steve didn’t budge, keeping a perfectly neutral face.

He didn’t like the implication though.

“Is it who I think it is?” Tommy wiggled his brows. Oh, they loved to gossip. Nibbling on tidbits of information like KFC drumsticks. It was fun sometimes. Annoying mostly.

“Okay, I’ve lost the plot.” Just go on, Jesus.

Carol sighed, rolling her eyes. “That’s right. You’re so out of the loop. We’ll have to do in the last episodes bit otherwise you’ll never catch up. I’ll tell you later then.”

“Yeah, he might not be ready for that bomb quite yet,” Tommy’s hand rested low on his stomach, a pinky sneaking under the shirt.

Carol giggled, giving him a wink.

“Are you going, Stevie?” Tommy said, moving his hand slightly from side to side. He gave Carol a weird look.

“To Ashley’s? Didn’t get the invite,” Steve shrugged. “Besides why are you so keen on having a plus one?”

“It’s more fun that way,” Carol said biting her lip then looking at Tommy again.

“We’ll sneak you in through the doggie door. No one will notice,” Tommy decided.

They hovered over Steve, waiting for a response.

Steve relaxed, closing his eyes, letting the suspense build. Tiny bulbs shined yellow under his lids. Golden. Yes, attention was good. He wanted more.

“Fine,” he said, still with his eyes closed a corner of his mouth going up up up.

“Good boy,” Carol cooed at him as if he was a dog. A puppy even. Those maternal instincts had to go somewhere. And she wasn’t allowed pets. So Steve will do.

“Isn’t he good?” she pinched both of his cheeks, turning his face towards Tommy.

“So good,” Tommy said softly, letting another finger fall under the shirt.

Fuck.

Spiky excitement settled in his neck, boiling it red. He looked at the fairy lights again. Red. All red.

His friends’ faces. All crimson. Red lips and red hands. Holding him down. Hungry. Them on both sides of him felt claustrophobic. In a good way.

Like cheese in a grilled sandwich.

“We’ve got to give you some proper training. Teach you some tricks, Stevie,” Tommy’s hand scratched across his stomach. Steve was melting.

“Like rollover,” Carol whispered in his ear.

Steve bit his lips, begging some higher power for them to not look down. Because he was hard.

“Or stay,” Tommy’s hand rubbed at the hem of his jeans.

“Or come,” Carol snuck a hand behind his head, grabbing some hair there. Steve closed his eyes, letting go. Whatever happens—happens.

And then she let go and lurched up.

“We should get a dog, shouldn’t we? You won’t be jealous, right, Stevie?”

“Well, lately he learned how to share,” Tommy winked. Steve elbowed him in the side. “Why not? Once we move.”

“We’re moving in by the way,” Carol threw in. “Tommy’s folks will be leaving for West coast. So the house is ours. Cool, right?”

“Yeah,” Steve blinked, enjoying some blood returning to his brains. “That’s actually big news. That we definitely should celebrate. Congratulations!”

Carol ducked under Steve’s arm. “I can see it.” She moved her palm across the air slowly, as if a panorama of her mind would appear. “We’ll refurnish the living room. And then the kitchen. Maybe we’ll go all white. No! How about green?” she squeezed Steve’s neck excitedly. “We’ll need your mom’s catalogs. *Agh*, she has such good taste.”

Well, debatable. “Totally, I’ll help.”

“You’re the best Steve,” Carol smooched Steve on the cheek.

“We move in August, hopefully.” Tommy leaned in, kissing Carol on the lips, eyes closed, smiling. That made Steve nostalgic: for when they were kids, for the simple, for this room that is already melting into the past. A bit lonely. That he is the third wheel after all.

And then Carol leaned in to peck Steve “You too!” But Steve moved and it landed right on his lips.

Everybody froze again. The air became hot. They stuck together like three penny sweets in a pocket.

Carol made a humming noise that sounded like *‘oh, well’* and sucked on his bottom lip like it was meant to be that way. Tommy leaned over his shoulder, securing a hand over his middle and catching Carol’s lips after. Colliding for a second and separating with a pop.

“You know if you are ever curious about anything. There’s always,” Carol whispered right into his ear, while Tommy pressed closer to his back, “this option.”

It was somehow more okay because they all knew each other. It felt like fate. And history repeating itself. A chance to hold the clock’s hands back.

Besides Carol was a part of this. So technically this was only half queer. And that meant that Steve was only half queer.

He turned to find Tommy and his warm eyes there. The heat that doesn’t scald. Steve’s eyes darted towards his lips. And back up. He didn’t look again because he closed his eyes and leaned in.

*

“So are you coming or what?”

“Like, in general?”

“No, to Ashley’s”

“Oh, sure.”